

PAT'S HURLERS READY FOR HOT PACE—"THE BACHELOR BENEDICT," BY VAN LOAN

PHILLIES' PITCHERS, NURSED ALONG, NOW READY FOR TERRIFIC PACE

Manager Moran Has Six Dependable Regulars and May Use Two or Three Now to Save Game—May Hold Alexander for Brooklyn Series

With six pitchers in perfect condition, Manager Moran, of the Phillies, has ceased nursing his twirlers. The crafty leader will not work any of them out of turn without good cause, but he realizes now that he is in such a position that the "cracking" of one pitcher, provided it is not Alexander, will not ruin the team's pennant chances.

Moran Has Planned Well for Double-headers

Moran has planned well in advance for the double-headers, and the fans may rest assured that the staff will hold up. One or two of its members might fall by the wayside in the rush to clinch the flag, but the season will be closed with four pitchers going just as strongly as they did at the start of the year.

For instance, yesterday, when Mayer was sent to the relief of Alexander, Rixey was sent to the "bull pen" to warm up. Apparently, Manager Moran was wasting three pitchers to win one game, and with an ordinary staff this would be suicide.

Moran Proves His Theory, Stated Years Ago

Two years ago, when the Philly staff broke completely, Manager Moran made the remark that pitchers could not stand constant warming up and relief pitching in the early stages of the race.

As soon as he was allowed a chance to prove his theory and manipulate his pitching staff on a percentage basis, Moran has proved, in part, that he was correct. It only remains for the staff to hold up, under his plan, to clinch every ball game that can possibly be saved by a relief pitcher, to establish the whole theory, and it is a 10-to-1 bet that the pitching staff will hold up, regardless of what the final standing of the team may be.

Alexander May Be Reserved for Brooklyn

By saving yesterday's game for Alexander Moran got the edge on St. Louis, and an even break or better today probably will cause Moran to keep his star out of the New York series in order to have him in perfect shape to pitch against Brooklyn in one or two games.

With six good pitchers, all in perfect trim, and the cleverest handler of twirlers in the game guiding the team, there is little cause to fear the "cracking" of the team or pitchers.

Just the Kind of Victory to Inject the Pep

Yesterday's victory over St. Louis was a brilliant one, and more valuable for its moral effect than for the single game that is now chalked up in the "won" column. It was the kind of a victory that inspires the winning team and does much to break the fighting spirit of its opponents.

The Philly officials were disappointed at not being able to play the double-header, but, in the long run, the postponement may prove a lucky thing. The game must be played off in St. Louis as part of a double-header on September 20, and perhaps the Phillies will be placed at a great disadvantage in playing the game away from home; but there are other ways of looking at it.

Double-header Later Will Be Easier for Phils

Odds are always great that a team will not take both games of a double header, and the chances are that the beat the Phillies would have got would have been an even break. The psychological effect of two victories out of three games played with the Cardinals, provided an even break is got today, is greater than an even break in a four-games series would be, even though the game to be played off in St. Louis might be lost.

By that time the Dodgers and Braves may be discouraged, or the Cardinals may be experimenting, making the game much easier than it would have been yesterday. Every postponement at this time is a help and not a hindrance to the Phillies, particularly when Brooklyn and Boston are not able to play.

Game Full of the Unexpected, Therefore a Real Game

Conclusive proof that Erskine Mayer is back in form and the home-run smash of Whitted, which broke up the game with one out in the tenth inning, were the outstanding features of a contest that thrilled the crowd from start to finish. The game was chock full of tense moments, where chances for victory were thrown away by the failure of some player to do the expected thing, and again by another player doing the unexpected.

There were few in the park who thought the Phillies had a chance to win with the score standing 2 to 0 against them in the seventh inning, but when they passed the Cardinals and went into the lead the fans were certain that the game was as good as won. Then came a mental lapse by Paskert, which paved the way for the tying run. After that the fans were sure that the game would be lost, but their confidence was revived when Cravath stepped to the plate with the bases full and two out in the ninth. But the slugger disappointed by going out on an easy chance.

The Fans' Hopes Went Up, Down, Then Up

The St. Louis half of the tenth opened brightly for the Cards, when Hyatt worked Mayer into a hole and then bunched the right-field fence for a double. It looked like a sure run, but Butler obligingly bunted straight into Luderus' hands in trying to sacrifice, and a double play resulted. Saved by the "breaks," the fans roared for the Phillies to win out in the tenth, but it was an unexpected manner in which the game was won.

Everybody was pulling for Luderus to lift the ball over the wall, but he failed miserably. Then came Whitted, who had not hit a home run this season. Whitted surprised the crowd by smashing a terrific drive to deep left center. Bescher turned his back to the plate and ran for the wall. He judged the ball perfectly and turned to make the catch. He was just a trifle late in putting his gloved hand up, and the ball struck the tips of his fingers and bounded down to his shoulder. The groans of the crowd turned to cheers when the ball obligingly dropped over the wall into the bleachers for a home run.

Alexander was not in his usual form, but his game was another striking example of the remarkable ability of the king of twirlers. From the start his curve ball refused to break properly, and he was forced to depend on his fast ball and "fade-away."

The victory would have been clinched in the seventh inning had it not been for the heavy field. Bancroft's single to left with the bases full would have been a triple had the soil been hard. It was a line smash that Bescher just managed to reach on the first bound. Incidentally, Bancroft had his brain working when he rattled Huggins and caused the wild throw that placed the Phillies in the lead. Huggins claimed interference, and was finally put out of the game for abusing Umpire Eason.

There were many arguments as to who should get the credit for winning yesterday's game. According to all rules that have been in vogue in the past, Mayer is the winner, but it is difficult to tell to whom the official scorer will give it. While Mayer had a one-run lead when he went to the mound, as soon as the Cardinals tied the score he stood to win or lose just as if he was starting on a new game. Had the Phillies won 3 to 2, Alexander would have been the winner.

LIPPINCOTT DENIES CHARGE OF FAKE RACE

Penn Star Aroused Over Suspension—Couldn't Run Now Even if He Wished

Donald F. Lippincott, ex-captain of the University of Pennsylvania track team and holder of the world's 100-meter record and joint holder of the world's mark for the 200-yard dash, this morning denied in vigorous language the charge of the Registration Committee of the Metropolitan Division of the A. A. U. that he had participated in a fake race at Ilion, N. Y., last week for a big purse, and for which he has been suspended. Lippincott's denial was positive and inclusive. He said:

"The statement that I participated in a fake race last week at Ilion, N. Y., is absolutely false. I have not had on a running shoe this summer since the intercollegiate track and field championships on Franklin Field, in which I pulled a tendon. Furthermore, I was not outside of Philadelphia last week, when the New York statement alleged the race took place. Not only that, but I have been in New York State but once this summer, and then in New York City only. I don't even know where Ilion is. The thing is almost too ridiculous to believe, but I consider it a contemptible piece of business on some one's part to give such a charge publicly, not only because it is false, but because it even brought it to my attention."

Lippincott declared this morning that he had not heard a word from the New York officials and knows nothing of the incident beyond what he has read in the newspapers. To Lippincott's athletic friends the whole thing is laughable, because he could not run even if he had wanted to.

It is expected that Lippincott or his friends at the University of Pennsylvania will take up the matter at once and insist upon a complete retraction by the New York committee. They resent the action of the A. A. U. in suspending an athlete without having given him a hearing, and then telling him that he will remain suspended until he has proved his innocence. They do not understand the ethics of assuming that a man is guilty without first having had an opportunity to answer charges.

BENDER NOT "ALL IN"; WILL PLAY AGAIN

Ex-Athletics' Star, Cast Adrift by Feds, Declares He Still Can Pitch

"Chief" Bender, ex-Athletics star pitcher, who was released yesterday by the Baltimore Federals, today declares that he had plenty of good pitching left in him, and that he would come back. Whether he will play again this season, Bender does not know, but it is likely that he will rest until next spring. Bender refuses to "alibi" his release from the Baltimore Federal League team, but admits he had a poor year.

"I have never tried to alibi a defeat or a failure of any sort and I won't start now. I had a bad season with a bad ball team, but I don't think that I am through. I still have several years of good pitching left in me and I will be back. I have nothing to say about my release, except that I was rather surprised."

"I-e-e-e," said Mace thoughtfully; "but, you see, Mace, this fellow ain't wild. He doesn't need a wife."

"Every man needs a wife, Mace. They help a man more than he knows." "Maybe," said Henshaw, with a wicked twinkle in his eye; "but, hon, it's a cinch they don't help him win any ball games. Many's the time I'd have traded every wife on this team for a three-base hit! Ouch! Quit that!"

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

Table with columns: NATIONAL LEAGUE, AMERICAN LEAGUE, FEDERAL LEAGUE. Rows list teams like Phillies, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Boston, New York, Washington, St. Louis, Cleveland, Athletics, Pittsburgh, Newark, St. Louis, Kansas City, Buffalo, Baltimore.

THE BACHELOR BENEDICT

Enter Mrs. Mace Henshaw in the Role of a Napoleon. Bertie Had Better Look Out, for When a Woman Decides a Man Ought to Marry It's Good Night

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN, The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction

Herbert Lansing Lowrie, the latest addition to the Benedicts, is unmarried. The nickname Benedicts was applied to Mace Henshaw's team, because of the "betty" halves the men were married, and the "betty" halves always traveled in the private car of the players. Poker parties gave way to bridge. "Bertie" was the natural sequel for Lowrie. The star, but as the young pitcher moved his way through opposition batters, he won a reputation as "Bertie the Bear." He instantly gained the favor of the players' wives, as well as the men and the fans.

Toward the end of the second season Mrs. Mace Henshaw had a brilliant idea. She was one who had been most interested in Bertie, a pretty, romantic little woman, who fell head over heels in love with Mace the first time she met him, and refused him three times in order to be sure that he knew his own mind.

Her people were not pleased with her for marrying a baseball player. At that time Mace was not a manager with a slice of baseball stock behind a five-figure salary; but he was 50 per cent. man; and he had made a model husband. When prosperity came his way, it did not change him in the least; and the Curtis family was forced to admit that Mace's match had not been a bad one, after all. In the light of the fact that Mason Henshaw's yearly income was four times greater than that of his father-in-law, an eminently respectable physician and a leader in the small community in which he lived, they could not well have done otherwise.

Mrs. Mace had a younger sister named Virginia. We will accept Mace's



"Why can't we have Virginia over?" description of this young lady's charms and his estimate of her character. "She's just like the madam here for looks, only more so. A Delaware peach wouldn't have a thing on Virginia; and, if she ever went down into that country, the peach blossoms would fall off the trees and blow away. Prettiest kid I ever saw in my life; and she's got a lot of sense, too, but an awful high-brow. Oh, awful! When it comes to slammering a piano, her batting average is .340; and she can talk books and oil stinins until the last fan goes home. But she doesn't know a thing about baseball. She couldn't tell a foul tip from a double play unless you drew her a diagram. I don't believe she's ever seen a game, except one of those raw-rag affairs; but she tells me she thinks it must be very exciting." "Yes; she's nice, all right enough; but

lucky to get you, old lady. I guess Bertie had a good mother, and she lived long enough to train him. I hope when the time comes that our little trick begins to take notice of things that wear pants, she'll have the luck to strike some clean boy like this Lowrie. That's how strong he is with me!"

It was the prettiest compliment one man might pay another; but Mace Henshaw did not see any particular reason why his wife should have kissed him that way.

The Benedicts were playing their last engagement at home before the close of the season. In the language of the sporting page, enthusiasm was "rife." It was all of that, and then some. "Rife" is a nice word; but it did not begin to describe the situation. The home town cackled and roared and blazed with excitement; daily the bleachers were filled with wild-eyed, leather-jumped, raucous-voiced, shirt-sleeved gentlemen, who batten upon pennants and reach the climax of their mania during the last few weeks of a victorious season.

The Benedicts were tearing into visiting clubs in savage earnest. They wanted to "clinch the pennant" before going away from home to play the closing games of the year; and, judging by their whirlwind style of attack, nothing short of a train wreck could stop them. Mace Henshaw was proud of his married men, and prouder still of his most eligible bachelor. The winning of a pennant meant a great deal to Mace, and the winning of the post-season series would mean much more. The attendance for the coming season would be increased; the stock which he held would pay a larger dividend; and, financial considerations eliminated, the prestige of managing a world's champion club appealed to the manager-player.

It was on a Thursday of the first week at home that the "boss" fell into step with Lowrie, as the Benedicts were trooping off the field toward the clubhouse. "Oh, Bert," said Mace, "the madam wanted me to ask you to come over to the house tonight. We may play a lit-

somehow she always makes me feel as if she was away up there somewhere on the ceiling and I was sitting down in the cellar with the furnace. Don't mean to you understand; but just can't help it. I guess it must be that college polish that they put on common people. Yes, Virginia, all my friends are all in the row, every time I look at 'em I can see where the Mormons had something on the rest of us! She can be my second wife, all right!"

And after that there really isn't a great deal to say about Miss Virginia Curtis. At 14 she felt that Mace had disgraced the family; but that was because she did not know the new brother-in-law. At 22 she was glad to admit that Mace had done well; and she had a real affection for her husky relation by marriage. She had never been able to rid herself of a slight distaste for professional baseball; but she knew that Mace was not extravagant, and would, in time, be able to establish himself in some other business.

Mrs. Henshaw was very fond of her pretty sister. It seemed a shame that such an attractive girl should have to live in a small town, where the choice of eligible young men was so strictly restricted. A girl has not the man's privilege of selection. She cannot put on her hat and go calling on an evening upon the young man of her choice. She must sit quietly at home and do the best that she can with those who ring the front doorbell. If the man whom she fancies does not come to see her, what is the poor girl to do about it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Seems a shame when you come to think about it.

Now, Mrs. Mace Henshaw thought of all these things in connection with the brilliant idea which entered her head. Like all the women of the team, she knew the league schedule by heart, and looked forward to three weeks in September, during which the team would be at home. Then would come a short trip of less than 10 days, and the season would be over.

The Benedicts, thanks to a July winning streak and the great efficiency of Bertie the Bear against first-division clubs, were leading the league by three full games, and, barring accidents, should win the pennant. After that would come the post-season series against the winning club in the rival organization.

Mrs. Henshaw thought of these things while she sat in a box and watched friend husband and his associates make it four straight from the Ponies. On the way to the train that evening, she broached the subject to her lord and master, who was in an unusually happy frame of mind.

"Mace, dear," said the good little woman, "why can't we have Virginia over for a couple of weeks in September? She enjoys going about so much, and she never has any chance to see the new plays or anything else worth while in the chasing around to maintain and art exhibits, and things like that. Looks like we're going to win this pennant, hon?"

So much for the first part of Mrs. Henshaw's brilliant plan. That evening, after the little daughter had been put to bed in the drawing room of the private car, the Henshaw party for a while and watched the lights of a small town fill by the windows. Above the rumbling of the train they heard the "boys" singing in the smoking compartment. The rich, full baritone of Bertie the Bear swelled out in the barber shop chorus.

"Great singer, that kid!" said Henshaw. "And what a pitcher he is! Won't wish some nice girl would come along," said Mrs. Mace dreamily. "He could afford to keep a wife on his salary."

"I should say he could!" It was not

at his soggy uniform in the dressing room, "never looked twice at a girl in his life! Funny, too, because all the women folks like him. Well, my husband will be off to him if Miss Virginia comes along. I don't know if he'll ever make him but his eyes a few times! -well-girl! But she ain't carrying a ball player."

Mace grinned delightedly. Here was a young man so interested in his wife that he did not appreciate the high-brow or which was being done him. Mace liked men who were interested in their work.

"That kid," he reflected, as he looked at his soggy uniform in the dressing room, "never looked twice at a girl in his life! Funny, too, because all the women folks like him. Well, my husband will be off to him if Miss Virginia comes along. I don't know if he'll ever make him but his eyes a few times! -well-girl! But she ain't carrying a ball player."

In his innocence—and a man may be very innocent upon an innocent man—Mace's only interest in the evening's entertainment lay in watching the arrival of Miss Virginia upon Bertie the Bear. For some reason, which he did not understand, Mace had insisted that Virginia be told nothing about the Mr. Lowrie who was coming to call. The general plan was not quite clear to Mace. His strategy stopped at the gate of the ball park; but he did remember his instructions.

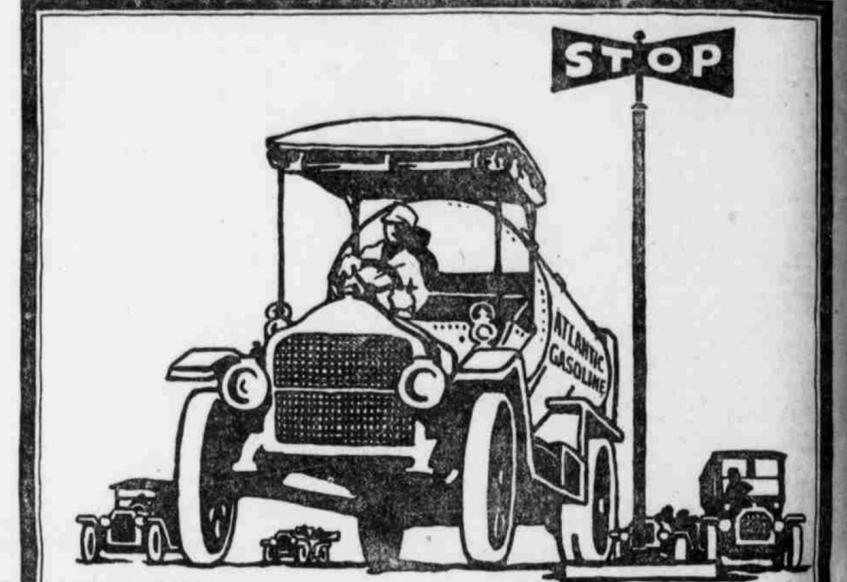
"Oh, by the way, Bertie," he said, as he was tying his scarf before the mirror, "the madam wants you to dress up in the clubhammer tonight. We'll make it a regular function."

"Sure!" answered Bertie absently. "Sure, Mace. I'll put on my moonlight. He was still thinking about that ball umpire."

"And who," asked Miss Virginia, "Mrs. Mace hooked her party dress on the back, 'is this Mr. Lowrie that we should dress for him?'"

"He is a very nice boy, dear," answered Mrs. Mace, and wisely held her tongue.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



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